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Choice Poetry.

A HOME PICTURE.

Soft falls the rain on the farmer's roof,
Drop after drop—each coming faster;
While smoking his pipe, by the chimney side,
In a walking dream sits the steady master.

Perched on his knee in a blue-eyed girl,
And at her ease she's wide a-ranging,
While cutting bread from a sunny loaf—
With a chubby boy at her apron clinging.

The farmer watches the idle romps,
As it lazily rests to the blacken'd ceiling;
The fall and the fading of into a bowl,
A baby lesson of life unreeling.

Dimly he listens, at the evening time,
To sit by the chimney-side and ponder!
While the violet eyes of his little one,
Look up in his face with loving wond'r.

Like the hum of a bee in the Summer time,
The steps of his wife to and, and o'ring,
And the gentle pleasure of her tender cries
His heart with the music of home is filling.

Anon she stoops by a cradle bed,
And hushes its soul with a careful finger,
And guazes down on a baby face,
With smiles over that love to linger.

But the blue eyed pet is half asleep,
Her head on her father's bosom lying;
While the chubby boy with sunken heads,
Into hard knees his shoe-strings tying

The mother takes her rocking-chair,
And down sits there both in her quiet sleeping;
Then low at her knee, with folded hands,
They softly ask for a Father's keeping.

The lords them, skipping along, to bed,
With their white feet making nocturnal chimes;
And they look to him for the last good night
On the window above with a delicate patter.

The mother kisses their sleepy lips,
Again, and again, till she cannot to number!
And then she waits for the Angel of Rest,
Who hovers near with a peaceful slumber.

And when she comes to her husband's side,
And clasps his arm with a soft caressing,
He looks in her face with happy pride,
And lips that tremble to speak a blessing.

Portland Transcript. C. E. K.

Original Novelet.

MISS THUSA'S SPINNING-WHEEL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MISS CAROLINE LEE HENTZ,
AUTHOR OF "ESSIE," "LINDA," "MARCH WARLAW," ETC. ETC.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XII.

Some old times' superstitions!
Have feathered tarres'—well devouring lamb—
Or, serpent heart—fed in a dreaming cave,
Did ever dance devil hear such a saint?
Shakspeare.

Pray for the dead!
Who for the dead, who not to die soon?
Pray for the living, in whose veins to-day
The tempter leads to wrong right and wrong
In raging terrible and strong
Longfellow.

"Are you willing to remain with her alone all night?" asked the young doctor.

Helen glanced into the figures reclining upon the bed, whose length appeared almost supernatural, and whose appearance was rendered more ghastly by the dim, flickering light of a small oval-stopped it,—and though her countenance was pale, it was calm and firm.

"Have you no fears that the old superstitions of your childhood will resume their influence over your imagination, in the stillness of the midnight hour?"

"I wish to subject myself to the trial. I am not afraid of the dead. I know there is real danger, and it is time that I should battle with imaginary ones, if any exist."

"But supposing your parents should object?"

"You must tell them how very ill she is, and how much she wishes me to remain with her. I think they will prefer to run any slight risk to my health, to their fear, weak Helen has any energy of purpose, any will or power to be resolute!"

"If you know half your strength, half your power, Helen, I fear you would abuse it."

A bright flame flashed up from the dark, secret depths of his eyes, and played on Helen's downcast face. She had seen his kindling, and now felt its warmth glowing in her cheek, and to her inmost heart. The large, old clock behind the door, struck the hour with its metallic hands. Arthur started and looked at his watch.

"I did not think it was so late," he exclaimed, rising to haste. "I have a patient to visit, and then I must return to my own pillow. Good-bye now, Helen, we have been talking at least two hours. Have you no misgivings now?" Miss Thusa slumbers long."

He went to the bedside, felt of the sleeper's pulse, listened attentively to her strong, stertorous breathing, and then returned to Helen.

"Your opinion and mine will probably keep her in a quiet state during the night—if not, you will recollect the directions I have given you, and send for me. Good-night, dear Helen! You need not fear your self, now I am absent to leave your side. Have you no misgivings now?"

"I don't know. If I have, I will not express them. I am reached on self-command, and your decision of my courage only serves to strengthen my resolution."

Arthur smiled.—"I see you have a will of your own, Helen, under that timid, child like exterior, to which none is forced to bend. But I will not bother you to be heroic any longer. I will send a woman to sleep in the kitchen, whom you can call, if you require her aid. I hold you to your word, I do not anticipate any immediate danger, though I do not think I will run from that bugbear."

Helen sighed, and tears gathered in her eyes. She accompanied Arthur to the door, that she might put the bolt against the night air, and Miss Thusa's substitute for a bolt.

"Perhaps I may call on my return," said he, "but it is very doubtful. Take care of yourself and keep warm. And if any unfavorable change takes place, send for the woman for me. And now good-night—dear, good, brave Helen. May God bless, and angels watch over you!"

He pressed her hand, wrapped his cloak around him, and left Helen in her solitary vigils. She lifted the window to admit the cool night air, and slid it into the iron hooks, fitted to receive it. Her hands trembled, but not from fear, but delight. Arthur had called her "dear" and "brave"—and long after she had retreated herself by the lonely hearth, the echo of his gentle, manly accents, seemed floating round the walls.

The illness of Miss Thusa was very sudden. She had risen in the morning in usual health, and pursued until noon her customary occupation—when, all at once, as she held the young darling, it seemed as if a knife went through her heart, and a wedge into her brain—and she was sure it was a death-stroke." For the first time, in the course of her long life, she was obliged to take her bed, and since she lay in helplessness and loneliness, unable to summon relief. The young doctor called in the afternoon as a friend, and found his services imperatively required as a physician. The only wish she expressed was to have Helen with her, and as soon as he had relieved the sufferings of his patient, Arthur brought Helen to the Hermitage. When she arrived, Miss Thusa was under the influence of an opiate, but speaking in a heavy eyes, a ray of light emanated from the dim, grey orbs, as Helen, pale and awe-struck, approached her bedside. She was appalled at seeing that powerful frame so suddenly prostrated,—she was shocked at the change a few hours had wrought in those rough, but commanding features. The large eyes half closed, the sunken, and darkly shaded below, while a wan, grey tint, settling off into a bluish hue on the temples, was spread over the face.

"You will stay with me to-night, my child," said she, in a voice strangely altered. "I've got something to tell you—and the time is come."

"Yes. I will stay with you as long as you wish, Miss Thusa," replied Helen, pressing her hand softly over the heavy locks that shaded the brow of the sufferer. "I will nurse you so tenderly, that you will soon be well again."

"Good child,—blessed child!" murmured she, closing her eyes beneath the slumberous weight of the anodyne, and sinking into a deep sleep.

And now Helen sat alone, watching the aged head, whose strength—mental and physical—the character had had so great an influence on her own. For awhile the echo of Arthur's parting words made so much music in her ear, as it drowned the harsh, solemn ticking of the old clock, and made Miss Thusa's lullaby over her spirit. But gradually the ticking sounded louder and louder, and her loneliness pressed heavily upon her heart. There was a little, low, watered table, standing on three curiously wrought legs, in a corner of the room. On this a large Bible, covered with dark, linen cloth, was laid, and on the top of this, Miss Thusa's spectacles, with the bow-string each end, to keep the old-fashioned arms of a corpse. Helen could not bear to look upon those spectacles, and she had always seemed to her an inseparable part of Miss Thusa, but now they looked unnaturally there. She took them up reverently, and laid them in a shelf, then drawing the table near the fire, or rather escaping from it, so near to the stranger, she opened the sacred book. The first words which happened to meet her eye were—

"Where is God, my Maker, who giveth me songs in the night?"

The pious heart of the young girl thrilled as she read this beautiful and appropriate text.

"Surely, oh God, Thou art here," was the unspoken language of her soul, "even in the darkness, and the silence of midnight, to the humble heart. "Here in this lonely cottage, here by the bed of sickness, and, even here in this trembling, fearing, yet trusting spirit. In every life-boat throbbing in my veins, Thy awful steps I hear. Yet Thou canst comfort me, Thou canst be my God, for Thou art ever near, unseen, yet felt, and Thou canst give songs in the night."

Had any one seen Helen, seated by that solitary hearth, with her hands clasped over those holy pages, her head bowed, and her eyes cast to Heaven, the light quivering in a halo round her brow, her heart, with trembling confidence in her Maker, and a young Sister of Charity, ministering to the sufferings of that world whose pleasures she had abjured.

A low knock was heard at the door. It made the young girl start, and the figure reclining upon the bed, whose length appeared almost supernatural, and whose appearance was rendered more ghastly by the dim, flickering light of a small oval-stopped it,—and though her countenance was pale, it was calm and firm.

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Our Picture Gallery.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN FRANCE.

We copy the above engraving of "Congressional Women Rights" from a Fishing Boat," from the "London Illustrated News." Those that pressed a letter published by us some time ago, written by Fred. Emery, then in France, will not be so much startled as some others, at seeing a picture of women in the traces. In France, the idea of the "equality (nonsense) of the sexes," as advocated by Miss Antoinette Brown and others, is more than a theory. The consequences are much sooner as are pictured above. And a further consequence: probably, a little later Hosanging of tunnels which prevails. In reading the records of the French revolutions, we are struck with the fact that the French mob pays no more deference to woman, even when young and beautiful, than it does to man. It is as ready to mutilate and murder the one as the other. This seems to denote the very lowest depths of brutality, to an American reader. But, if Miss Antoinette Brown is correct, it would be absurd to call a mob, or an army, to show more tenderness to an enemy merely because she was a woman.

"I accost you, sir, in virtue of my authority as sheriff of the county," exclaimed Mr. Mason; "empty your pockets of the gold you have purloined from this woman, and then follow me. Quick, or I'll give you rough aid."

The pomp and aristocracy of Clinton's appearance and manners had made him unpopular in the neighborhood, and it is not strange that a man whom he had never condescended to notice should triumph in his disgrace. He looked on with vindictive pleasure while Clinton, after a useless resistance, produced the gold he had secreted, but Arthur turned away his head in shame. He could not bear to witness the depth of his degradation. His cheek burned with painful blushes, as the gold clinked on the table, ringing like the tale of Clinton's guilt.

"Now, sir, come along," cried the stern voice of the sheriff. "Doctor, I leave the care of this in you."

While he was speaking, he drew a pair of hand-cuffs from his pocket, which he had slipped before leaving home, thinking they might come in use.

"You shall not degrade me thus!" exclaimed Clinton, haughtily, "nothing in his grasp! you shall never put those vile things on me!"

"Softly, softly, young gentleman," cried the sheriff, "I shall hurt your fair wrists if you don't stand still. There, that will do. Come along. No halting."

Arthur gave one glance towards the retreating form of Clinton, as he passed through the door, with his haughty head now drooping on his breast, wearing the badge of his disgrace, and groaned in spirit that so dark a temple should be occupied by a soul so indwelling with evil. So rapidly had the scene passed, so still and low seemed the apartment, for Miss Thusa had sunk back on her pillow weak and wearied, that he was tempted to believe that it was no more than a dream. But the wheel by the fireside that turned, the pail by shining hoops upon the table, and a dark mask grinned from the bench. That, indeed, was how dreams like its existence! Was Miss Thusa a female Midas or Aladdin? Was the dull brass lamp a herald on the table, the gift of the genii? Was the old gray cabin a witch's magic home?

Running himself with a strong effort, he examined the condition of his patient, and was grieved to find her greatly this shock had accelerated the work of disease. Her pulse was faint and fluttering, her skin cold and clammy, but after swallowing a cordial, and inhaling the strong odor of hartshorn, a reaction took place, and she revived astonishingly; but the change in shape, her mind evidently wandered, sometimes into the shadows of the past, sometimes into the light of the future.

"What shall I do with this?" asked Arthur, turning to the gold, anxious to divert her thoughts to some central point; "and these, too?" sweeping down and picking up a fragment of the wheel.

"I assure it up again—screw it up," she replied, quickly. "—and put the gold back to me, whom I knew well, in English, as I stood before the judgment seat."

"Dance!"

"Perhaps you are from the *Parisian*, who think it wrong to dance?"

"Oh, no, I like to see it very much."

"Then if your country observes the sabbath as the English in dancing and Sabbath-keeping?"

I told her I thought they were in the last, but a great many people in large cities did not keep it at all. Still we did not have *ahd* dance among us.

"Yes, I have seen it in the palace, and in the fete dances—a Hungarian dance. See, the *gentlemen gingly*—what call you it? wheeles?"

"Waltz," said she. "But I am surprised to understand a running accompaniment by whistling for air, which I have heard you sing."

"They say your people never play; they work always!" said she again.

"Yes, it is true—always!" I answered; "we make our play, work."

"But are your Germans have nothing else than play to do," said she, with a half sigh.

"How should I like to see America! The Na-tion must be grand there. But then you say Negroes are so *grandiosh*," (practical.)

I told I did not think we all were, and asked her if she had read the volume of Poems, (Holmes's Poems) which I had lent her.

"Poems, yes!" said she, "I am so much obliged! There is no other poetry like it. It is the *grandiosh* poetry—the fresh and original. I may also myself remember you that of the old man?"

> "And the merry maidens rest
> On the tips he once has pressed
> Ye the last."

"But then so practical! No German young gentleman would so write to his bride, so that she should remember him by the tips of her ears and his presents, which he shall not again have!"

I could not restrain a good laugh. The poem was that one of Holmes's—

> "My old cravings and my billings
> I do not waste on empty air!
> But the dollars and the shillings
> Are the things that I declare!"

I was obliged to explain to her, that to us Americans, that was the very joke.

"Ah, I see! You are a strange people!" and she took up my arm into another room.

"Is it true," she asked, as we sat down together, "that your ladies in America sit only in the houses, and read, and cause the kitchen bands and the servants to work everything?"

"No!" I answered, and tried to make her explain to her the position of woman in America—servant!

"No! It is very different here. You see that lady seated there, very quiet, who rings and light hair? that is the Frau Professor and Gerheimrath Sommer; but she goes down into the kitchen, and cooks for the family the eleven hour. I no self divide my housekeeping for the Job, three weeks before. Then spend two afternoons with the Frau Professor, by first met apart, and a stream swollen by a heavy rain, and bathing her horses—a ride between; and how those three Gerheimrathes thirty feet long, were to be got across, without machinery and scaffolding, to span this chasm of twenty-five feet. I was not engineer enough for it. It was among the children that a man with common gumption could do, easy enough," however, as my little friend Lucy, and I was done the wood-carving, the block and tackle, rollers and levers—by going about it in the right way, and handling it as I learn a bridge builder by profession. There being no higher prize, for day-labor with his hands and mind, and "spirit of God" and "in the other men's," who could not conceive how a man might be used for a shovel, and how common a thing ingenuity is in our country, and how characteristic of a Yankee it is to be inventive. It was worth recording, I thought.—*Home Journal.*

SINGULAR GEOLOGICAL FACT.—At Modena, in Italy, within a circle of four miles around the cathedral, there are seven towers. All of the workmen arrive at a distance of sixty three feet, they come to a bed of chalk. Below they find a bed of gravel, and clay. Then they withdraw from the pit before the anger is repressed, and upon his return finds the water bursting up with great violence, and quickly fills the well thus made—the supply of water being neither affected by rains or droughts. At the depth of fourteen feet are found the ruins of an ancient city, houses, paved streets and branches. Below this again is a layer of earth, and of twenty-six feet volcanic trees are found entire, with leaves and volcanic upon them. At twenty-eight feet soft chalk is found, and below this vegetables and trees.

Selected Articles.

DOMESTIC AND SOCIAL LIFE IN GERMANY.

In one of our rooms this evening, the dance went on most spiritedly. Here, as everywhere else, Arthur's fame as a dancer was established, and after from what it is with us at home. There is a life and spirit in it which contrasts most pleasantly with the coldness and languor of fashionable ease in our parlors in America. For the first time, I saw the waltz danced as it should be—a musical, joyous, child-like expression of good spirits.

"What! you dance not?" said a young lady to me, whom I knew well, in English, as I stood looking on with folded arms.

"No, I never dance."

"Perhaps you are from the *Parisian*, who think it wrong to dance?"

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OUT-DOORS AT IDLEWILD.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

In the making of a shell-road around one of the precipices of Idlewild—(something like the way to a hanging-bird's nest when we began, but at present, the winding up of glorious to the cottage from the Newburg side)—we have had a larger amount of *soil* buying than has entered into my previous out-door experience; and I have taken a lesson in it, of which, perhaps, I can say an instructive word or so. My friend the builder will not take sharp, I hope, if I would not really invert his set and ingenuity. I refer not to mason-work proper—such as is done with trowel and hammer, and plumb-line and spirit-level—but to such laying of foundations by the hand as is done for common dwellings, though usually by the smarter class of laboring men.

My study of the matter was by way of understanding the professions of two of my visitors who owned equally industrious—one wishing to work by the day, however, and the other to be paid by the road. As they were both old at the business, I thought it must be rather a difference of natural character than of skill or profession—in either case, a difference worth understanding—and, as the weather was all the time, I threw an open ourselves *I* to encounter, I put on my mittens, and, as the farmers say, "took hold" with my men.

One way, that morning, lay through a group of large hemlocks—and, by the increasing level of carriage-road grading, the noblest tree was undermined on the lower side. To soothe the old monarch—build a wall that would hold up the fresh earth once more around the exposed roots—look for my first experimental *stone*-laying. It may not dosgee the dimin of the old tree, perhaps, to have done this myself; but I shall enjoy it more than having another one of my welcome to it.

One is a better judge of most work by having had some little apprenticeship at it, and by what I found difficult or easy to my own handling of the material, I may learn how to see the difference between my friends By-the-day and By-the-job. By the day worked much the hardest. By-the-job was a little longer looking at the fresh cut-load before making his decision, but the looking at the stone up, and setting it in its place, was usually but one movement; or, he gave it a turn in the air with his spread lift, brought the proper face of it to the front with one effort of mind and hand, and, once dropped into the line of the wall, the stone was done with. If it was not a fit, (though it generally was) he had given it its proportion of look and lift, and the next one must comply the defect—prop or overlay it. He built as he went, and the wall grew as fast as the stones could be put on. By-the-day worked much slower, and he seemed to be taking it very easy in comparison with the other's hard look and lift, but he went faster. The difference, I saw, consisted in thoroughly deciding on every movement before it was made—thinking it, perhaps, but not taking up time in reconsidering. If I had been a *vowed* observer, I should have thought By-the-day was the more industrious and better man. By-the-job would be my preference, after then seeing them closer.

But I must record my own success in walking—counting the comers of the stone the edged spacings to the old hemlock. "Is he who exalts to himself," says the elder D'Israeli, "a greater man than he who humbles himself?" Many years ago,) to discover that one has a talent that has been entirely overlooked by himself—by that, in the hurry of life, has lain dormant and unsuspected. My next biographer will have to mention, that, with proper advantages, I should probably have been a first-rate layer of stone wall.

And—talking of working men—I was amused and interested, one day, while a mason was in the act of *measuring* a stone, between two who were working for their same wages—worth recording, because it illustrates with some truth the difference between the common American mind and the common European. We were proposing to throw our bridge across Idlewild brook. A quiet, little native shouldered Americus, with his hand behind to a fragment of stone, looking for the road-way beyond, and a broad-shouldered Irishman from the old country was digging earth to fill in. As I stood looking on for a moment, I saw a thrifty little cedar, which had been partly uprooted, and, regarding the stage to set it upright, and shovel some dirt around it, I called out—"Look at that cedar, Mr. Irishman! Don't you know some time or other, you'll be glad of a cedar? Now is the proper time," you told me to shovel it, and I had no shovel." He was working with a spade.

It was not ten minutes after this, that I saw my little Yankee dollar-a-day subduing the cedar. That poor tree is in America no more to be cut down, and, and cause the kitchen bands and the servants to work everything?"

"No!" I answered, and tried to make her explain to her the position of woman in America—servant!

"No! It is very different here. You see that lady seated there, very quiet, who rings and light hair? that is the Frau Professor and Gerheimrath Sommer; but she goes down into the kitchen, and cooks for the family the eleven hour. I no self divide my housekeeping for the Job, three weeks before. Then spend two afternoons with the Frau Professor, by first met apart, and a stream swollen by a heavy rain, and bathing her horses—a ride between; and how those three Gerheimrathes thirty feet long, were to be got across, without machinery and scaffolding, to span this chasm of twenty-five feet. I was not engineer enough for it. It was among the children that a man with common gumption could do, easy enough," however, as my little friend Lucy, and I was done the wood-carving, the block and tackle, rollers and levers—by going about it in the right way, and handling it as I learn a bridge builder by profession. There being no higher prize, for day-labor with his hands and mind, and "spirit of God" and "in the other men's," who could not conceive how a man might be used for a shovel, and how common a thing ingenuity is in our country, and how characteristic of a Yankee it is to be inventive. It was worth recording, I thought.—*Home Journal.*

SINGULAR GEOLOGICAL FACT.—At Modena, in Italy, within a circle of four miles around the cathedral, there are seven towers. All of the workmen arrive at a distance of sixty three feet, they come to a bed of chalk. Below they find a bed of gravel, and clay. Then they withdraw from the pit before the anger is repressed, and upon his return finds the water bursting up with great violence, and quickly fills the well thus made—the supply of water being neither affected by rains or droughts. At the depth of fourteen feet are found the ruins of an ancient city, houses, paved streets and branches. Below this again is a layer of earth, and of twenty-six feet volcanic trees are found entire, with leaves and volcanic upon them. At twenty-eight feet soft chalk is found, and below this vegetables and trees.

Original Letters.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Dexter and Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

NO. VI.

Naples, April 28th, 1852.

MY DEAR A——: Yesterday we made the ascent of Vesuvius as Mr. and Mrs. Hitchings' guests. This we were able to do in our vetture, with three horses, in about four hours. The Hermitage is the point where the road terminates, and where, if you wish to ascend to the crater, you must leave for the remainder of the way to the foot of the cone, and guides for the great climb, which alone occupies an hour and a half.

For this, whether a healthy fatiguing exposition, and only worth undertaking during the time of an invigorous, try last illness had utterly incapacitated me, and no other member of the party felt strong or adventurous enough for it, so we all contented ourselves with this drive to the Hermitage, which, though certainly neither long nor severe for an ascending exploit, was something memorable and impressive.

For a long distance up the mountain the land is cultivated, and wonderfully fertile in particular ——nothing is so richly productive as the soil here——vines, grasses, and trees of every kind of beautiful wild flowers grow upon it in the utmost luxuriance. It is a strange sight to see orchards, and vineyards, and tall, flowering clover growing on the sides of vast streams of pumice lava——black, swollen torrents of death——the very billows in which they rolled from the seething crater——deep, dark ravines, where burning rocks ploughed and plunged in their tremendous course. But all these lay hidden, or seemed, still more green and beautiful, as grew the scene, fewer and smaller became those steps and spots of verdure and bloom, and these opened upon us wide, black, hilly wastes of lava——without one green or living thing——a sea of ashes and cinders, and blackened, half-fused rocks, terrible, horrible, uncanny——an unimagined hell.

On our way, as we sometimes walked, we had a good opportunity to observe the different varieties of lava. Most of it is cavernous and porous, looking like cinders from a furnace, thoroughly burnt out. Then there is the rock lava, which I believe is very old, nearly as hard as granite. Pompeii is paved with this kind——so that the ancient city was at once and forever by Vesuvius. The fine, soft lava, from which ornaments are made, is taken from the exhaustion crater.

Sea-shells are often found embedded in lava, and the recording of the sea, in many a precipice, is said to be caused by the mountain soaking up the water, as one of the elements with which to weave in his wonderful work. At the Hermitage we remained about an hour, forming, in the dusty bowl, the centre of the *Isaiyous Circus*, a sort of Vesuvius or "Mountain Dew." If not the real "crater," at least very near to it.

The view from this point, though perhaps inferior to that from the foot of the cone, is wide, varied, and wonderfully beautiful. But from all the beauty of that glorious sea, those purple islands and rocky coasts, that gay, rich, and storied shore, I never turned to pass on that full length of a mountain, looking so infinitely unrepentant for the destruction he has wrought in the ages gone by——lifting his black, scathed head defiantly toward heaven, and laughing out the last breath of his secret agony. There were times when thinking of the beauty and the imprisoned breath me, I scarcely dared to tread heavily, feeling that the fire earth under my feet was but a frail crust, a sort of floating bridge over a surging, fiery flood.

A little way down the Hermitage is an observatory, belonging to the King——quite a handsome building, with a pretty little flower garden,——but a most unenviable office were that of custode, I should say. Think of Vesuvius in wild, winter nights, when the tempest is on the rising it——piercing floods into its hissing crater, whirling other around its desolate cone, thundering against it, and rolling rocks, and rattling the loose lava down its scarred old sides! An awful thing it must be to sit by the watch-fire and to riot, jesting with lightning lances, and caravaing on sulphurous gales.

To-day we have spent several hours in the Museum. It will be impossible for me to particularize with any of those rich and rare and curious antiques which impressed and interested me——but of a few I will briefly speak.

Of the sculptures, there is first, the magnificent group of the *Farnese Tore*——representing the story of Dirce. A work of fine, powerful spirit and power actually chain you to their feet. Then there is the grand old Hercules Farnese, also pure Greek——a figure whose rugged strength is proud repose, whose splendid colossal manhood, shows no more than the beauty and grace of an Antinous. Is it you one what is called "a brute force" made divine. I believe that the loveliest fragment in the world is the Neapolitan Psyche——but you are almost as much pained at its grace, as charmed by what remains. The Venus *Anadyomene* from Pompeii, a Greek statue, with some restorations, struck me as rarely beautiful; and the statue of Aristides, found in the theatre of Herculaneum, is full of majestic strength, nobility, and profound thought.

Among the bronzes discovered at Pompeii and Herculaneum are many statues of surpassing grace, force, and natural action. But it is the great group of wild cats which stood in temples, theatres, and other public places, which most vividly bring before you the time, the people, and the very day it took to long buried cities, but those familiar household and personal objects which are kept exact from flame, and very closely imitated. In a case by itself we see a complete set of gold ornaments belonging to the wife of Diomede, and I believe found on a body supposed to be hers. After months we were shown the jewel-box and all the key found in the skeleton hand of Diomed, near the gate of his villa. Among the arms were those are many of a singularly modern appearance——especially the heap, and serpentbracelets, and the exquisite breast-plate of gold. The coverings are generally heavier than armorial dress could well suggest, and the finger rings are enormous. The wedding-ring of Madame Diomed has guards upon it a representation of the marriage-ceremony. Then there are necklaces, and hair-pins, and various head-ornaments, and bracelets and anklets, and beautiful little pendent boxes for the toilette. On the inside of a chased gold bracelet——very like the one I wear——I saw you can discinctly read the name of the fair owner——"*Pulli nonge tuge*."

In the museum, we were shown several little bronze vases, and silver plate, and jars of figs, and corn, and nuts, and wine, all blackened almost through and through——burned to a baker's mask——ghosts of paints, the colors apparently as brilliant as ever——fearful, yet beautiful memorials of feeding, lamp-wicks, wine-cups, loaves, cakes, and a piece of beef in a sauce-pan. Most of these things were of course hardened and discovered, yet not so much so but that you could readily distinguish them.

In another *salle*, we saw the cast of armor of the sentinel found at his post——the skull, half filled with ashes, yet in the helmet, and the bones of the arm and leg still in their greaves. Among the arms were those are many of a singularly modern appearance——especially the heap, and serpentbracelets, and the exquisite breast-plate of gold. The coverings are generally heavier than armorial dress could well suggest, and the finger rings are enormous. The wedding-ring of Madame Diomed has guards upon it a representation of the marriage-ceremony. Then there are necklaces, and hair-pins, and various head-ornaments, and bracelets and anklets, and beautiful little pendent boxes for the toilette. On the inside of a chased gold bracelet——very like the one I wear——I saw you can discinctly read the name of the fair owner——"*Pulli nonge tuge*."

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SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1853.

General News.

A Valuable Scientific Discovery.—A few days since, we witnessed the exhibition and operation of a Model Apparatus for forming foundations for piers, wharves and light-houses. It is a new and exceedingly interesting mode of effecting a difficult object. It was explained to the County Commissioners, by Mr. Sickels, the engineer of the West Chester Railroad Company, with a view to convince them of the great economy involved in its adoption, in constructing the bridges over the Schuylkill at Chesnut Street and Girard Avenue. It presents a beautiful illustration of the triumphs of modern mechanical genius, in overcoming great natural difficulties.

Every one must be aware of the enormous expense incurred in obtaining foundations in very deep water, mud, or quicksand, for heavy and permanent superstructures. The coffer-dam and pile-driving seem to have been, hitherto, the only safe expedients. At this point, mechanical ingenuity has been at a dead stand for centuries.

The process in question is at once certain and cheap, and is founded upon natural laws which are easily explained. Instead of the ordinary wooden pile, hollow iron tubes or cylinders, open at each end, and of any shape, are used. This tube being sunk perpendicularly in any depth of water, a movable cover is fitted to the upper end, having a hole in the centre, to which is attached the suction pipe of an exhausting air pump. It is obvious, that as soon as the air is exhausted in the tube, there must be a corresponding pressure upon the surrounding sand, mud, or other materials, which are thereby forced into the tube or cylinder, to supply the vacuum caused by the withdrawal of the air. As a consequence, the tube itself is rapidly buried; and as the operation is continued, will sink to depths, and through obstacles almost incredible, until we consider to what an enormous force and pressure of the atmosphere, on the large external surface around the tube, it is subjected.

The cylinder may be sunk in sections. As soon as one section is sunk and filled by the displaced material, it is emptied; a second is screwed and bolted on to its top, and the air being pumped out as before, the same sinking effect is produced.

As an evidence of the efficiency of this plan over every other known, one instance may be given. Capt. Bullock, of the British Navy, in attempting to procure a foundation for a light-house, on the Goodwin Sands, found that a sharp iron rod of three inches in diameter, which was sunk thirteen feet in the sand, required forty-six blows of a hammer weighing one hundred pounds, with ten feet fall, to drive it one inch deeper. And yet, upon the new plan, a hollow iron pile, of thirty inches diameter, was sunk in the same sand thirty-three and a half feet, in the short working time of five and a half hours. So superior has the latter method proved, that the old system has been abandoned, in England, for several years.

By attaching a voider, or large vessel, previously exhausted of its air, an instantaneous effect, similar to the blow of a hammer is produced; and this is resorted to, where stones, boulders, or other obstacles present themselves to the downward passage of the tube. By this means it is found, in practice, that every kind of soil, such as sand, bog, clay, gravel, &c., can be mastered. Rock alone is excepted. Where it is desirable to pass through rock, this process affords an easy mode of reaching it, when it can be removed by the ordinary boring implements.

The superiority over the old method is clear from another consideration. It is known that the wedge-shaped, old-fashioned pile, forces its way, by compressing the materials through which it passes. In some cases, the solidity of the medium is much increased by this pressure, as entirely to defy the further passage of the pile. By the use of the hollow iron pile, the resisting materials are displaced, forced upwards, and removed from time to time as required.

After the tube has been fully sunk and emptied, it may be filled with cement and concrete, which will form a solid interior column of itself, sufficient to sustain any weight. The numerous and valuable applications of this process are just beginning to be appreciated in this country. They are in a department of engineering where natural obstacles are most difficult to overcome.

Mr. Sickels is about to construct a light-house for our Government upon this plan. It is believed that if this process is resorted to in founding the piers for the Schuylkill River bridges, a large sum of money might be saved. The masonry in the piers at the Market Street bridge was laid in the deepest water attempted up to that date, and the enormous expense of that undertaking is well known.—*Evening Bulletin.*

The Rappings in Paris and London.—The Rev. Charles Beecher's work on the "Spirit Rappings" is to be re-published in London, by Bosworth, with an introduction by Mrs. Stowe. It will be remembered that Mr. Beecher admits the genuineness of the phenomena, but attributes them to evil spirits. In Paris, considerable excitement exists among the *savans* upon the subject. At a recent *seance* at Mr. Goodrich's, the American Consul's, Mignet, the historian, a nephew of Arago, and several other distinguished persons witnessed the phenomena, and were much astonished. Beyer, Professor of Chemistry in Paris, has written a letter, in which he asserts the reality of "table-moving." Mr. Henry Spicer's book on the subject, "Sights and Sounds," is having a great sale in London. A few copies are for sale in this city, by Crosby, Nichols & Co.

We copy the following items from Punch:

The Locomotive Table Company, Provisionally Registered. Capital, £20,000,000, at Twopence Halfpenny a Share. A letter in Galignani's Messenger having fully proved the facility with which Tables can be moved by means of a Company, through mere volition, after the hands of a Company have been placed for a short time on the Table, it is proposed that a Company shall be formed for the application of tabular locomotion to practical purposes; to be called the "Locomotive Table Company." The principal object of the Association will be, to supercede Steam Engines on Railways; an improvement in travelling by which, it is hoped, many serious accidents will be prevented which would otherwise have occurred. The Table will be placed where the engine is at present, in front of the train; it will go on grooved castors; and a certain number of the Directors of the Company will be seated at a board in connection with it; which will insure that additional guarantee of safety so much wanted on railroads.

As the movements of the Table can be guided by the volition of one individual, the Chairman of the Company will supply the place of Engineer; assisted by the Secretary in the capacity of Stoker.

The expenses involved in carrying out the Company's object will not, it is expected, be very considerable; but Shareholders will be required to pay down the whole of their subscriptions, as the projectors anticipate some little difficulty in obtaining credit.

The Wyandots.—Big Turtle, a chief of the Wyandot Tribe of Indians, who removed from Ohio to the Indian Territory, writes as follows to the State Journal concerning their present condition:—

Our improvements, when appraised, amounted to upwards of $127,000, which was paid us in the Autumn of 1845. In the Spring of 1850, our Chiefs retroceded the granted tract to the Government, and $100,000 of the proceeds was invested in five per cent. Government Stock—making our present annuity $22,000. We have two churches, one a splendid brick edifice, neatly finished. We have three District Schools in active operation, under the immediate supervision of the Council. We have two flourishing Sabbath Schools, with good libraries. We have a large Temperance Society, and a Division of the Sons of Temperance about to be formed. And as for our agricultural pursuits, they are carried on profitably, every year yielding a surplus for market. Our general thrift surpasses that of any Tribe North of the Arkansas line. In short, we are in far better circumstances than when living in Ohio. The nation generally is contented and happy.

Stringent Railroad Law.—The Committee of the Connecticut Legislature on Railroads, have reported to the Legislature a bill, which provides that all trains shall come to a full stop at all drawbridges, and wherever the track crosses that of other roads. It attaches heavy penalties for every instance of these regulations being disregarded. The engineers are to be fined and imprisoned, and the President or Directors, being parties thereto, shall be fined $1,000. Is also required men to be stationed at all the switches, under similar penalties, and where speed is over thirty miles per hour, a brakesman is required for every car, under a penalty of $1,000. Engineers neglecting to stop the train when persons are seen upon the track, are to be deemed guilty of manslaughter, if such persons are killed. The Presidents of all roads within the State, must reside within its boundaries, and the officers of roads out of the State are not to be allowed to hold any offices upon roads in the State, under a penalty of $1,000 per day.

A Black Swan in Aristocratic Waters.—Miss Greenfield, the "Black Swan," who recently gave several concerts in our Atlantic cities, is now in England, where she is lionized by the Duchess of Sutherland and her circle. The Duchess has given a morning concert at Sutherland House, at which the Swan sang several pieces, and was warmly encored. The Dukes and Duchesses of Argyle, Norfolk and Montrose, Lords Palmerston, Shaftsbury, Grosvenor, the Countess of Jersey, the French Ambassador, Ladies Villiers, Bunson, Foley, and many others were present, as also Mrs. Stowe, who presented the Swan with a splendid dress of moire antique, trimmed with bugles, which she wore.

California Incorporation Law.—A new law, passed by the California Legislature, enacts that any three or more persons may make, sign, and acknowledge, before some officer, competent to take the acknowledgment of deeds, a certificate in writing, which being placed on file in the office of the Secretary of State, confers upon them all the necessary powers as a corporate body. No dividends are allowed, except from surplus profits, and no part of the capital stock can be withdrawn for the purpose of dividend. A peculiar provision is inserted against fraudulent bankruptcy—the debts of the company being at no time allowed to exceed the amount of capital paid in.

NEWS ITEMS.

A writer in the Baltimore Sun, who has been afflicted severely in his family by that appalling disease, bronchitis, has found relief from the following remedy: "Take honey in the comb, squeeze it out, and dilute with a little water, and wet the lips and mouth occasionally with it." It has never been known to fail in cases even where children had throats so swollen as to be unable to swallow. It is certainly a simple remedy, and may be a very efficacious one.

Women's Rights.—The Committee of the Convention upon the qualification of voters, had a session in the Senate Chamber of Massachusetts, on Friday week, when Wendell Phillips and Miss Lucy Stone made speeches in favor of extending to women the right of suffrage.

A locomotive, despatched from Laporte, Indiana, to Chicago, for physicians to attend Robert B. Dextader, who died at Laporte, of apoplexy, ran the entire distance and back in one hour and forty minutes. The distance is 68 miles each way, making a speed of 116 miles in 100 minutes.

A lad of twelve years of age, came into the Police Court of Cincinnati, and asked to be committed to the House of Refuge. When interrogated as to what had prompted him to take such a course, he replied that his father and mother did nothing but get drunk and abuse him, and that he was anxious to be placed out of their reach and influence.

The cost of living at Pittsburg, taking the market reports, as compared with the markets of Philadelphia, is about one-half less than in this city, yet Pittsburg is within twenty-four hours' travel by railroad with Philadelphia.

Sandwich Islands.—The National Intelligencer states that the editors of that journal have reason to believe that a concession of the sovereignty of the Sandwich Islands has not been offered to the United States by their King, Kamehameha, and that "the overture said to have been made, was not a cession of the Islands, but simply a protectorate against the supposed design of France on the independence of the Islands."

The Iowa papers announce that a gentleman in that State proposes, for a certain compensation, to keep cities free from the dangers attending thunder storms. Though this seems like a doubtful proposition, it is said by scientific men that, by a proper arrangement of numerous lightning rods, this object can be accomplished, and at a cheap rate. The system has been tried in the South of France, where extensive vineyards have been thus protected from the ravages of hail-storms, which often follow thunder-showers, while those adjoining have been devastated.

A. H. Stovall, a man aged about sixty years, convicted at Richmond, Va., of mail robbery, has been sent to the penitentiary for ten years. He was a mail carrier, and, it is alleged, abstracted $100 from a letter.

Death of a Miser.—An old female miser died at Richmond, a few days ago, and on searching her premises, it is said, that $800 in specie, and $9,000 in bank notes, many of them ruined by worms and bugs, were found.

One hundred and seventy-six chickens, of the Cochin China, Shanghae, and other rare breeds, have been sold at auction, at New Orleans, for $1,572 55. Two Hong Kong geese sold for $20, and two white Bremen geese for $12.—*Columbia (S. C.) Daily Banner.*

The Pacific, in her last voyage to Liverpool, took out the answers to the letters received in this city by the Atlantic, and deposited these replies in the Liverpool Post-Office on the 20th day after the letters were mailed. Both ships made extraordinary passages.

The Diocesean Synod of the Archiepiscopal Diocese of Baltimore, which has been in session during the past week at St. Mary's Seminary, adjourned on Saturday week *sine die.* Among other important decrees enacted, was that for the publication of *marriage bans, i. e.,* all Catholics intending marriage will have to give notice to that effect to the clergyman of their parish, which notice will be read in church during the public service.

The statement that the people of Madeira did not need or use the provisions recently sent from this country in their behalf, is said to be wholly without warrant.

A case of poisoning by strychnine, which was relieved by chloroform, is reported in the Medical Journal of Philadelphia, by Surgeon Upshur.

The Pacific Railroad Company have completed a road for 40 miles West of St. Louis, and it is under contract for 135 miles. Its length is to be 600 miles to the boundary of the State of Missouri.

Malpractice.—Lorenzo Slack has obtained a verdict of $800, in the Windsor County Court, Vt., against Dr. Dixi Crosby, for alleged malpractice in setting the thigh-bone of the former.

Blankets were first made at Bristol, in England, in the reign of Henry III., and so called after three brothers named Blanquet, by whom a loom, at which they were woven, was invented.

Prize.—The Ærostatic and Meteorological Society, of Paris, offers a prize for the best material for enclosing hydrogen. The prize is a medal of gold of the value of three hundred francs.

It is the intention of Mrs. Stowe, it is said, to write a work on English men, women, and manners, on her return to this country.

Seven of the crew of the steamer Winslow were drowned at Louisville, on Saturday week, while endeavoring to remove a log of wood that had got fastened in the wheel of the steamer.

A trial of interest recently occurred in Paris, on an indictment of an auxiliary surgeon of one of the hospitals, for homicide committed in the exhibition of chloroform. An eminent practitioner testified that the accused must have been employed in the hospitals in the similar use of chloroform at least two thousand times, and that, if the patient died in his hands, the accident was to be ranked in the number of those which it is almost impossible for a physician to foresee. The Court pronounced the case to be one of involuntary homicide.

The Right of Way.—A sucker who strayed up and squatted on the line where the railroad was to run, was applied to for the right of way through his farm. He objected strenuously. They would spoil his farm, and all his cattle would be killed when the locomotive came along. When told that the company would pay him for all such damages, he met the agent with the reply: "Why, yes—perhaps they might—if a feller could catch 'em—but when they come along with one of their cow catchers and tuk off his stock in the night, the darn thing would be in Chicago before he could get up and dress himself."

The National Division of the Sons of Temperance, met recently at Chicago. They had a public procession.

The British frigate Leander, with the Earl of Ellesmere and the British Commissioners for the Crystal Palace Exhibition, have arrived at New York.

Indemnity Demanded.—Mr. Marsh, the United States Charge d'Affaires, has demanded of Greece 300,000 drachms as damages for the Missionary, Mr. King, who was imprisoned about a year ago, for publicly attacking, as was alleged, some of the dogmas of the Greek Church.

General Mansfield, Inspector-General of the Army, it is said, has been ordered to a visit of reconnoissance of the Mesilla or disputed territory between Mexico and the United States.

A local census of Dayton, Ohio, shows it to contain 16,562 inhabitants, being an increase of 5,586 since the United States Census of 1850 was taken.

Ex-Governor Vroom, of New Jersey, has accepted the post of Envoy of Prussia, and has so informed President Pierce, as we learn from the Trenton Gazette.

Paying for Lives.—As the statutes of Illinois provide that railroad companies shall pay $5,000 for every life lost on a train of cars through the carelessness or recklessness of the company or its agents, damages for the Chicago massacre will reach $105,000 if sued out, as there were twenty-one persons killed.

A recent passenger train in going into Macon, Ga., was thrown down an embankment, and the mail guard was killed, and five passengers severely injured; among them the Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, member of Congress from that State.

Crops in Western New York.—The Rochester American of Saturday, says:—"On the whole, the fields and farms of Western New York, present to the eye of the husbandman, a spectacle of rich promise and beauty, such as can no where be excelled.

Horrible Death from a Rattlesnake Bite.—The Ancient City, published at St. Augustine, says:—"On Saturday, the 14th of May, a son of Mr. Futch, of this county, while picking whortleberries, was struck by a large rattlesnake—upon being struck he started to run, but found the snake had its fangs fastened to his pantaloons leg, and in stumbling and scuffling to get loose, the snake struck him some six or seven times. The lad was about 14 or 15 years of age. He survived but a few hours.

It is understood that additional troops have been ordered from Texas to New Mexico. Among them are six companies of the Eighth Infantry. The two companies of Light Artillery already in New Mexico are to be equipped with fresh horses. Three hundred recruits are to march from Fort Leavenworth on the 20th inst., with Gov. Merriweather and Gen. Garland.

Poisoned Meal.—A gentleman of Prince George's County, Md., purchased some meal, at Bladensburg, on Tuesday, with which he fed his four horses. In a short time three of them died, and the fourth is probably dead before this. Another gentleman in the village also purchased some of the meal, and fed his hogs and poultry, and they too died soon after eating it. It was subsequently ascertained, that in the mill where the meal was ground, arsenic was daily used for the destruction of rats, and it is supposed that it accidentally got thrown among the corn. Such carelessness is deserving of severe reprehension.

David Hunt, a Mississippi planter, recently sent five thousand dollars to the American Colonization Society, in addition to one thousand dollars yearly, which he has paid during the last ten years.

Later news from the Rio Grande, states that Caravajal and his associates had been released, and immediately entered suit against the U. S. Marshal, for false imprisonment.

Grape Culture.—A large party of Germans were in Albany last week, on their way to Illinois, where they propose to engage in the grape culture.

Seeking his Sisters.—A young man named William Franklin, is in Cincinnati, looking for two sisters, who were left in Pittsburg or Cincinnati, in 1836, at the ages of 10 and 11 years.

The Gardiner Trials.—It is now stated as a "fixed fact" that the Government has despatched a new Commission to Mexico, to obtain information as to the existence of the otherwise alleged mines of Dr. Gardiner. When will the public get the truth of this matter?

A Precious Pastor!—The Alabama Herald contains an account of the murder of a negro in Chambers Co., of that State, by his master, *Rev. Robert Jones,* a Methodist preacher. The negro was tied to a tree and whipped to death.

Commander Lynch, who went on a preliminary expedition of observation, a few months ago, to Africa, has returned, having explored all the rivers on the coast of Liberia, and found none navigable higher up than twenty miles from the mouth.

The Canada brings 92 passengers, among them Sir Charles Lyell and Joseph Whitworth, the English Commissioners to the World's Fair, Col. Hughes, Professor Stowe, &c.

Election of a Woman to Public Office.—The Portland Argus says, the Eastern District in Lincoln Co., Me., has chosen a *lady* for Register of Deeds, in the person of Miss Olive Cose, formerly assistant in the office. Miss Rose has two-thirds of the votes. The Argus remarks, "Whether a female is eligible to such an office under our laws, is the question to be settled." The Women's Rights Conventions insist that she is.

A Wife for the Times.—The editor of the Mountain Banner, a North Carolina paper, says, that during his absence his wife set the type for four columns of the paper, prepared the copy, read the proofs, and wrote some editorials.

Gov. Seymour said, a few days since, that he had more females kneeling to him than had any other gentleman in New York—wife, mother, sister—they all beseech a pardon, even for the man whose freedom makes their home miserable.

Late from Utah.—Governor Young Troubled by Mexicans and Apostates.—Advices from Salt Lake to the 30th of April have been received. Governor Brigham Young has issued a proclamation ordering out an armed force to reconnoitre "a horde of Mexicans," who had entered Utah territory for the purpose of inciting the Indians to make aggressions on the inhabitants. The Governor is also down in a savage manner upon apostates. He advises them not to court persecution, lest they get too much of it. The Governor bursts out in indignant denunciation of the apostates, and relates one of his dreams, as follows:

"Who broke the road to these valleys? Did this little nasty Smith and his wife? No; they stayed in St. Louis while we did it, peddling ribbons and kissing the gentiles. I know what they have done here; they have asked exhorbitant prices for their nasty stinking ribbons, (voices, 'that's true.') We broke the roads to this country. Now you Gladdenites, keep your tongues still, lest sudden destruction come upon you. I will tell you a dream that I had last night. I dreamed that I was in the midst of a people who were dressed in rags and tatters; they had turbans upon their heads, and these were also hanging in tatters. The rags were of many colors, and when the people moved, they were all in motion; their object in this appeared to be to attract attention; said they to me, 'we are Mormons, Brother Brigham.' No, you are not, I replied. 'But we have been, said they,' and began to jump, and caper about and dance, and their rags of many colors were all in motion, to attract the attention of the people. I said you are no Saints, you are a disgrace to them. Said they, 'we have been Mormons.' By-and-by along came some mobocrats, and they greeted them with, 'how do you do, sir, I am happy to see you.' They kept on that way for an hour. I felt ashamed of them, for they were in my eyes a disgrace to Mormonism.

"Then I saw two ruffians, whom I knew to be robbers and murderers, and they crept into a bed where one of my wives and children were. I said, you that call yourselves brethren, tell me, is this the fashion among you? They said, 'Oh, they are good men, they are gentlemen.' With that I took my large bowie knife that I used to wear as a bosom pin in Nauvoo, and cut one of their throats from ear to ear, saying 'go to h—l across lots.' The other one said, 'You dare not serve me so.' I instantly sprang at him, seized him by the hair of the head, and bringing him down, cut his throat, and sent him after his comrade; then told them both, if they would behave themselves they should yet live, but if they did not I would unjoint their necks. At this I awoke. *I say rather than that apostates shall flourish here, I will unsheathe my bowie knife, and conquer or die.* (Great commotion in the congregation, and a simultaneous burst of feeling assenting to the declaration.) *Now, you nasty apostates, clear out, or judgment will be put to the line, and righteousness to the plummet.* (Voices generally, 'go it, go it.') *If you say it is right, raise your hands.* (All hands up.) *Let me call upon the Lord to assist us in this, and every good work.*"

The Egg Question.—Among the grave questions which have recently come before the profound lawgivers of Massachusetts, was one upon a petition praying for a law providing for the sale of eggs by weight. It was formally referred to the Committee on Agriculture, and Mr. Rowley returned the subjoined report, which will be found entirely adverse to the interests of the great Shanghai family.

"The Committee on Agriculture report that the present mode of selling eggs goes back as far as the memory of man runneth; and the granting the prayer of the petitioners would produce the most direful results. It would completely revolutionize our whole code of kitchen laws, render useless all cooking receipts, and bring down upon the heads of this great General Court in general, and upon the heads of the unmarried ladies in particular, the anathemas of the whole fraternity of cooking maids, for presuming to innovate upon this time-honored and hallowed practice. If eggs were all of a size, there would be no necessity for legislation. The Committee, therefore, recommend to the feathered tribe a strike for an increase of feed, and an application of the ten hour law, and that the petitioners have leave to withdraw."

The report was accepted in both houses.

Salt Lake City.—A correspondent of the New York Times, writing from Salt Lake City, the seat of Mormon power, of the growth of that place, says:—

"Without detracting in the least from the enterprise of the saints in this respect, I will say, that any other body of Anglo-Saxon farmers, mechanics, artisans and laborers, (of equal numbers) would have effected quite as much, if not more, in the same length of time. I think the same number of Shakers would have effected more, because the amount which has been spent in support of the priesthood and their *harems,* would have gone in a more useful direction. The whole marvel lies in two facts—First, that the entire community were transferred here at once, without waiting for the tedious process of a gradual settlement. And second, all their energies, stimulated by religious enthusiasm, have been measurably directed by a single will. The real miracle consists in so large a body of men and women, in the nineteenth century, being governed and controlled by such gross religious imposture."

Another Reported Official Defalcation.—A Washington correspondent of the New York Times says:

"It is reported in high quarters that important developments will soon be made, touching a financial operation, by which the Treasury has been made to bleed. The Democratic version of this story is as follows: An Ohio man, named Minor, obtained from Secretary Corwin, upwards of a year ago, a transfer draft on New York, for the sum of $100,000, Minor agreeing to place the amount in proper hands in New Orleans, within a specified time. This he failed to do, alleging that the institution in which he deposited the money had failed. Minor was recommended to the Secretary as responsible and honorable, by the President of a Bank or Insurance Company in Ohio, and several letters in relation to him passed between Mr. Corwin and other parties. Five thousand dollars of the money have been recovered, but the balance, it is said, will be a total loss. It is hoped that the late Secretary will explain, in due time, the details of this transaction."

Trial by Jury.—Mr. Walsh, in a letter to the Journal of Commerce, calls the attention of Judges and lawyers to the Second Report of the Common Law Commission, which was published in London, a few days ago. The trials of questions of fact, and the evidence receivable on such trials, compose its principal subject.

"The Commissioners treat fully of the trial by jury; they finally recommend that it be continued as the rule; but that the parties should, if both consent, be competent to dispense with it, and leave the issues of fact to the Judge. With regard to cases of mere account, arbitration is proposed by officers of the Court, County Court Judges, or, if the parties prefer, an arbitrator chosen by mutual consent, upon whose report judgment may be entered as upon the verdict. Unanimity in the Jury is to be maintained in all cases. The French have found that nine of the twelve for concurrence in the verdict are too many, and have descended to seven. Their new law deserves a particular notice."

A Sun-Cure.—Bayard Taylor, in one of his recent letters from Hindostan, relates the following account of a cure effected by a new agent. It may be well for the medical profession to look into it. He says:

"On getting into the cart, at the last station before reaching Khurdee, the step broke, and as I fell, my knee struck upon a projecting bolt, causing such intense pain as almost to deprive me of my senses. By the time we halted again, the joint was so stiff that I could scarcely bend it. The hurt produced such a chilliness that my teeth chattered, and I was fain to sit in the sun while breakfast was preparing. The morning was scorchingly hot, and I soon noticed that the heat seemed to draw out the pain from the injured limb. In fact, in half an hour I was able to get up as usual, and since then have not felt the slightest inconvenience from the Injury. This is a case of sun-cure, which I recommend to any one who is anxious to start a new system of healing."

Ventilation of Railroad Cars.—A new mode of ventilation was recently tried on the Naugatuck Railroad, with decided success.—The plan is that of Messrs. Atwood & Waterbury—the latter an officer of the road. Its general outline is this: The passenger cars of a train are all thrown into one long saloon by means of a flexible cloth or rubber platform, and, the windows being kept closed and the train opened at the rear, a strong current of air is received just over the engine, through a pipe or bag as wide as the train, and some six to twelve inches deep, which passes in at the top of the front car, and so along through all the cars, and out at the rear. A passenger assures us that the exemption from dust was perfect, the sensation of coolness and freshness delightful, while the perfect facility and safety of passing from end to end of the train sensibly enhanced the pleasure of the journey.

As We Supposed.—We learn from Madrid that the report that Santa Anna had applied to the Spanish Government for help in preserving the independence of Mexico, against the United States, is a pure invention of stock-jobbers. No such application, says our informant, has been made. With regard to Mr. Soule's reception, we are assured that it will take place without any difficulty, but that if he should open the subject of buying Cuba, he will get a positive and probably a piquant response. Spain never was less inclined to part with the island than at present.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

POLITICAL NEWS.

Massachusetts.—The Constitutional Convention have adopted the secret ballot provision. There is also a large majority in favor of the election of all State and County Officers, not judicial by the people.

New Hampshire.—The Democratic State Convention nominated Colonel Baker, as the candidate for Governor, by a vote of 173 out of 280.

Mr. Burke introduced a resolution in the Convention, censuring President Pierce for certain appointments, which created much angry discussion.

How to Get an Office.—"Smoker," in the Comedy of "Office-Hunting," now being published in the Washington City "Cotton Plant," gives the following "recipe," which will prove of importance to all hungry patriots:

"In fact, woman is the best manœuvre after all. Take three pounds of petticoats, four smiles, two tear-drops, with gammon at discretion: stir briskly, and apply while warm to the blind side of a Secretary, and you have a never-failing prescription for getting an office."

Singular Race of Human Beings.—There are now in London two very singular human beings, of a race which has hitherto been very little known to the civilized world. They came from South Africa, where they are called *Earthmen.* They are totally distinct from all other known African races—as much so as if they had dropped upon this earth from another planet. They are diminutive in size—mere pigmies—and unacquainted even with the art of building huts. They shelter themselves in caves and crevices of the earth; when these are wanting they make artificial scoopings on the surface, which they line with leaves, and cover with branches. The Hottentots and Bushmen are the avowed enemies of the Earthmen, and when they meet they will shoot them down like vermin. The poor, little, defenceless Earthmen have no refuge but in holes, trees, or thickets, and the tribe is fast verging to extinction. They are a poor, weak people—one of Nature's freaks—and destined not to perpetuate their race. Few colonists have seen them; and although it is known that a few still linger in the mountains, these are rapidly dying away, and will soon become a tradition of an elvish afrite race of old.

The two individuals above mentioned were carried to England from the Cape of Good Hope two or three years ago, and have now become domesticated in an English family. The Morning Chronicle, from which we take these particulars, describes these little Earthmen as a boy and a girl, the former fourteen and the latter sixteen years of age, and "complete little fairies" in appearance. The boy is three feet three and-a-half inches in height, the girl a trifle taller. Their skin is of the brightest and most transparent bronze, and as smooth and polished as marble. In form the little creatures are perfect—their delicate limbs standing out in the most graceful symmetry, and every motion instinct with the untaught ease of nature. The faces, although decidedly African in feature, are full of sweetness and good humor, with an expression of archness and intelligence.

They are named Martinis and Fiora. In their savage state they fed on locusts, ant-eggs, and such small game as they could take. Until they were carried to England they had no idea of God or any Supreme Power. At present they have been taught some of the customs of civilized life, and are able to speak little English words, to sing little English popular airs, and—the first of Earthmen—to play little airs on a piano.

Few sights are more interesting to a thinking person than that of the last of a race of human beings on the point of being blotted out from the face of the earth. The individuals in question seem to constitute one of the most anomalous forms of our species that have ever yet been brought to the notice of the naturalist or the ethnologist. It is to be hoped that further light will be thrown on their history by scientific researches.

Foreign Items.—The Pope and the Professors of the Jesuits' College are experimenting in table-moving.

In Germany, all the associations formed by the students have been suppressed.

Diplomatic relations are totally broken off between Switzerland and Austria. The brave attitude assumed by the Swiss Government excites much attention. It looks as if France were backing it.

The Mormon Elders have been expelled from Persia.

Advices from Burmah to the 13th of April, state that more British troops were wanted, and there was no prospect of peace. The Burmese Commissioners had refused to sign the Treaty.

Fifty years' concession of the Sub-Marine Telegraph, from France to Algeria, had been granted to John W. Brett.

Among the passengers on board the Pacific are Lewis Cass, Jr., Charge d'Affairs at Rome, and H. J. Raymond.

The prospects of the British troops in Burmah were very dark. They had met with repulses, and large numbers had been cut off in skirmishes. A steamer has been sent express to India for reinforcements.

Commodore Perry, with the steam frigate Mississippi, arrived at Hong Kong on the 7th of April, and he despatched the Plymouth to Shanghae on the 9th.

The Bible Convention.—The most noticeable thing at this Convention, was the offering of the following resolutions by William Lloyd Garrison:—

Resolved, That the doctrine of the American Church and Priesthood—that the Bible is the Word of God, that whatever it contains was given by Divine inspiration, and that it is the only rule of faith and practice—is self-evidently absurd, exceedingly injurious both to the intellect and the soul, highly pernicious in its application, and a stumbling-block in the way of human redemption.

Resolved, That this doctrine has too long been held as a potent weapon in the hands of time-serving priests, to beat down the rising spirit of religious liberty, and to discourage scientific development; to subserve the interests of blind guides and false teachers, and to fill all Christendom with contention and strife! and therefore the time has come to declare its untruthfulness, and to unmask those who are guilty of its imposture.

Resolved, That judging them by their course of action towards all the reforms of the age, and their position in society, the Clergy of this country, as a body, would as readily burn the Bible to-morrow, if public sentiment demanded it, and persecution and loss of character should be the result of disobedience—as to-day they are found earnest in their endeavors to maintain the plenary inspiration of that Book in accordance with public sentiment.

"Hang Up the Fiddle."—The following resolution was unanimously adopted by the Presbyterian General Assembly, at Buffalo:

"*Resolved,* That the fashionable amusement of promiscuous dancing is entirely unscriptural and exclusively that of the 'world which lieth in wickedness,' and so wholly inconsistent with the spirit of Christ, and with that propriety of Christian deportment, and that purity of heart which his followers are bound to maintain, as to render it not only improper and injurious for professing Christians either to partake in it, or qualify their children for it by teaching them the art; but also to call for the faithful and judicious exercise of discipline on the part of the Church Sessions, when any of the members of their churches have been guilty."

We hope Dr. Cox, one of the members of the Assembly, will, with his usual clearness and rhetorical simplicity of style, exactly define what "promiscuous" dancing is. Also, what David did, when he "danced before the Lord." And why David's wife was punished for scoffing at his dancing as unbecoming, and "wholly inconsistent with propriety."

An Incident in Church.—An amusing incident is related by the Palmer Journal, as follows:

"A young clergyman, 'in a neighboring town,' after having commenced preaching on a warm Sunday, lost his sermon rather suddenly and unexpectedly. A gust of wind swept through the aisles of the church, took the sermon from the desk, and whirled it out of the window. Two deacons gave chase, and after a half hour's pursuit returned with the last leaf only of the wandering document, the remainder having escaped from them entirely. The clergyman not wishing to preach without notes, had seated himself to await the return of his sermon, and upon learning that it was lost to him forever, rose and gave out the hymn commencing with—

"The wind may sweep our hopes away,
And disappointment be our doom!"

which the choir sang with great effect, after which the services were closed with the benediction."

The Mesilla Valley Affair.—A Washington correspondent of the New York Courier says:—

"General Wool has arrived here, and laughs at the idea of any disturbance with Mexico on account of the Mesilla affair. The Secretary of War also attaches no importance to the martial speculations upon Lane's and Trias's movements. It is believed by those who are well informed on the subject, that Mr. Gadsden has been instructed to commence negotiations by offering an indemnity to Mexico for Mesilla, and to purchase an additional strip, taking in the whole Valley of the Gila."

Singular and Painful Case.—Near Millerstown, on the 13th ult., Dr. S. E. Hall extracted from the right ear of Mr. Joseph Gelbach, *two hundred live maggots.* It seems that a fly or bug entered the drum of his ear, when he immediately started to the physician; but before he reached him the insect had left its tenement. This occurred two days previous to the extraction, in which time the patient suffered intense pain. It is supposed by the physician that the insect had deposited its eggs during the short time in was in the ear.—*Gettysburg (Pa.) Sentinel.*

Mexico.—Santa Anna had issued a decree prohibiting smoking in the theatre, as a nuisance. Over forty papers have been suppressed since the recent decree in regard to the press was issued.

The army is to be re-organized and divided into two classes—active and permanent—the National Guards to be incorporated into active militia. The whole army is to consist of 91,000 men, including an active force of 65,000, and a permanent force of 26,000. The army is to be recruited by volunteers.

Another Answer.—The New York Evening Post publishes a letter from a lady of New Orleans, to the Duchess of Sutherland, in reply to her Address. The Post says of the writer, that she is over seventy years of age, has now resided 35 years in New Orleans, and is one of the most reputable and influential ladies in that city. She does not think the pictures of slavery in Uncle Tom, unfaithful or exaggerated. She rebukes Mrs. Tyler, condemns slavery here, and Governmental oppression in England, and advocates colonization.

Paupers at Auction.—We mentioned, a few days since, the custom of receiving bids for keeping the public paupers, which prevailed in some parts of New Jersey. We were not then aware that in some parts of New England—that land of schools and Puritans—the same custom prevailed. In Rhode Island and Vermont, the poor of some towns may annually be seen at "the auction block," to be struck off to the lowest bidder, who thinks he can either get some little compensating work out of them, or feed them on the refuse of his table, and many times on that which he never thought fit to be brought into his house. It is not a year since some of the papers of Rhode Island and Vermont called attention to some outrageous abuses in this matter. Would it not be well for some of our New England orators to take measures for preventing the sale, at auction, of some of the mothers of New England?—*Phila. Register.*

☞ A pleasant wife is a rainbow set in the sky, when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests.

☞ Alarming "Sickness."—The Westfield liquor agency has sold $1,700 worth of liquor during the last year—all for medicine!

☞ We overheard one poor weather-bound individual, who was caught in the rain, humming to himself in a door way:

'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour,
That chilling fate has on me fell;
There always comes a soaking shower,
When I hain't got no umberell.

Local News.

New Roads.—Within the past year or two some valuable roads have been projected in the northern sections of the county, the completion of which will very much benefit the residents of that region. Two good plank roads west of the river Schuylkill have been finished, and are now important avenues of travel, yielding to their stockholders very large dividends. These are the Darby and West Chester roads. A similar improvement of great value is the North Plank Road, which commences at Broad Street above Monument Cemetery, and runs in a northerly direction, following the Lamb road to Schuylkill Sixth Street, and the latter street nearly to the Nicetown road, and thence to Germantown, on approaching which it communicates with several much travelled roads. This avenue is sixty feet in width, with two tracks of plank way, between which there is a space of twelve feet for ordinary travel. The road is opened and fenced in along nearly the whole route, and the grading is rapidly proceeding. Broad Street will be paved by Penn District as far north as the District line, from which the street will be improved by the Company to connect with their road. The country through which this road will pass, stands much in need of such a convenience, and there can be no doubt that the enterprise will be profitable. It is named the North Philadelphia Plank Road, after the embryo district of North Philadelphia, which will, most probably, be incorporated by the Court of Common Pleas, to which tribunal application has been made for the purpose. The Willow Grove Plank Road, from Germantown to Willow Grove, a distance of about seven miles, communicates with the North Philadelphia Road, or is, more properly speaking, an extension of it. It is now in course of location. The two roads will together form an important leading thoroughfare. A turnpike is also in progress from Germantown to Branchtown, a distance of two miles. The work of grading is rapidly proceeding. A company has also been incorporated to make a turnpike road from Germantown to Frankford, about four miles in length. The commissioners are now engaged in locating it.

A praiseworthy spirit of enterprise has been latterly displayed by the people of Germantown, which seems likely to continue, and increase its importance as one of our largest and most thriving suburbs. Already there are three public highways between it and Philadelphia—the Ridge turnpike and its connections, the railroad, and the Germantown turnpike. The new plank road will make a fourth. The latter will cross the several railroads it passes on the route by bridges over them, so that carriages will be in no danger from the trains. The railroad between Germantown and Philadelphia is traversed by a thousand passengers daily. The same number of horses pass daily over the turnpike.—*North American.*

A Tragic Scene Prevented.—A young sprig of Penn Township, whose name is something like Jacob, having been jilted by the girl of his heart, made up his mind to commit suicide, last Thursday week, and invited his younger brother, Nathan, to go with him to a nice little grove out on the Ridge Road where the operation was to be performed. When they reached this excluded spot, Jacob, the unhappy lover, drew from his pocket, a razor, which he had borrowed for this desperate purpose, and signified his intention to cut his throat from ear to ear. The younger brother looked whiter than ever at this declaration, and used all his powers of persuasion, to induce the love-afflicted youth to forego the awful deed. Finding all the other arguments thrown away, Nathan exclaimed as a last resort—"Well, now Jake, don't you consider, if you kill yourself, you can't eat any more pot-pie?" Jacob paused, with the edge of the fatal instrument to his wind-pipe.—"Egosh!" cried he, "I never thought of that; and clam fitters, too! After all, there's something in this world worth living for, I guess, Nat., we'll postpone this job, and go home to dinner."

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 151—Adults 67 and children 86.

FOURTH OF JULY.

On this day of festivity and joy, when all are prone to indulge in the good things of life, not unfrequently to excess, let us not forget that overloading the stomach with food or drink, especially at this season of the year, is often attended with serious consequences. If any, however, should inadvertently overstep the bounds of prudence, they should bear in mind that *Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills* prevent all evil results from impropriety of diet. They thoroughly cleanse the stomach and bowels from those bilious and corrupt humors, which are the cause of colic, pains, dysentery, cholera morbus, and other disorders of the bowels.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills also aid and improve digestion, and therefore give health and vigor to the whole frame.

Beware of Counterfeits!—Country storekeepers would do well to exercise care in buying from pedlars. We understand that a man by the name of HIESTAND, and another by the name of SINES, are offering what purports to be Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills. These persons are not authorized agents for this medicine, and the article offered cannot be guaranteed as genuine.

The genuine is for sale by agents in all parts of the United States.

Principal Office 169 Race Street, Philadelphia.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER.

No. 26 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm:

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
U S 6's '56	109	—	Southwark	68	70
" '62	114½	—	Kensington	68½	70
" '67	120½	121	P Township	34	35
" '68	120½	121	Girard	14	14½
" 5s '53	101½	—	Western	72	73
" '65	106	—	Manf&Mechs	30½	31
July Interest off			Bk of Com	66	66½
Philada 6s	103¼	104	Camden N J	56½	60
" 5s	97	97½	Germantown	66	—
" tsGas	106	106½	Trent Bk Co	36½	—
County 5s	93	93½	Pitt'bg Bk	55½	56
Penna 6s	100	—	M & M Pitts	55	—
" 5s	97	97¼	Exchange,Pitts	55	—
Kentucky 6s	106	—	Com, Cin	15	—
Tennesee 6s	94½	95	Louis, Ky	114	—
Illinois 6s	81½	—	Kentucky Bk	117½	118
Cincinnati 6s	101	—	Northern	116	116½
TexasT Notes	45	48	Union, Tenn	97	100
" Bds 8s	65	70	Plant's, Tenn	97	100
Schuyl N 6s	84½	85	Vicksburg	16½	17
" Int	53½	53½	Com, Natchez	—	—
Lehigh N 6s	99½	99½	N O Gas Bk	129	130
" Int Loan	95	96	Schuyl Nav	25	25½
" Mort 6s	101½	—	" pref'd	34	34½
C & D C'l 6s	98½	99	Lehigh Nav.	71	71½
C & Am R bds	99	99½	C & Del Cal	151½	152
BeaMdw R 6s	89	90	Morris Cl	21½	21½
Susqueh C 6s	65½	66	Penn&Ohio Cl	—	29
Norrist'n R 6s	100	101	Union Cl	16½	17
Harris R 6s	100¼	101	Camd&Am R	151	152
Wil R 6s	98	98½	Penna R	49½	49½
Read R 6s	87½	88	Bea Mdw R	35½	36
" Mort 6s	98	98½	Lykens Val R	15	—
U S Bk Notes	90	—	North Am Cl	16½	17
U S Bk Shares	4	4½	Susqueh Cl	15½	15½
N Amer Bk	155	156	Norristown R	56	57
Penna Bk	128½	130	Harrisburg R	52½	53
Philadelphia	137½	138½	Wilmington R	38½	39
Far & Mec	72½	73	Reading R	45½	46
Commercial	68½	—	Minehill R	70	71
N Liberty	55½	—	N Liberty Gas	22	25
Mechanics	32½	33	N W Min Co	—	25

VALUABLE TESTIMONY IN FAVOR OF AN INVALUABLE MEDICINE.

☞ We love to record the testimony of medical men in favor of Dr. M'Lane's medicines; it is gratifying, because the Vermifuge and Liver Pills of that distinguished physician were not invented for speculation, but were introduced into his practice with the design of effecting good, and they became celebrated through their great merit. They are not, therefore, to be placed in the same category with the patent nostrums of the day, which are so extravagantly puffed in the advertising columns of the newspapers. Drs. Newcomb and Duff, in common with others of the medical faculty, are simply doing justice to these invaluable medicines in thus speaking well of them, and truly imitate the benevolence of the "good Samaritan" in endeavoring to extend their use:—

Johnsville, January 30, 1850.

Gentlemen—We have used quite a quantity of M'Lane's Vermifuge in our practice, *and find it to be a valuable article, and one much needed in the country.* If we can get a sufficient quantity, we will use some exertion to dispose of it.

Drs. NEWCOMB & DUFF.

Messrs. J. Kidd & Co.—

For sale at all the principal Drug Stores in the United States.

NEW YORK MARKETS, JUNE 11.

Ashes—A fair demand, with sales of 150 bbls at $4,75 for Pots, and $5,25 for Pearls.

Cotton—The market is steady, with sales to day of 1,100 bales.

Flour, &c.—There is only a moderate business doing in Flour, and the market is without important change. The demand is principally for home consumption. Sales of 6 800 bbls at $4,44a4,56¼ for common to straight and choice State, and $4,31a4,62½ for mixed to fancy Michigan and Indiana and common to good Ohio. Canadian Flour is slightly better. Sales of 2,400 barrels at $4,31¼a4,37½, the greater part at the latter figures. A moderate demand for Southern Flour, with sales of 1,300 bbls at $4,75a5. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are nominally the same.

Grain—For Wheat there is a good export demand, and the market is firm. Sales of 1,100 bushels prime Genesee at $1,30. 1,500 prime white Ohio at $1,22, 4,600 fair do at $1,19, 9,000 mixed do at $1,10, and 7,000 prime white Canadian at about $1,16. Rye lower, with sales of 2,300 bushels at 91a91½c. Corn heavy. Sales of 28,000 bushels at 64 cts for white Southern, 61a62½c for mixed do, 63a64c for Western mixed, and 66a66½ for yellow. Oats dull at 42a45c for Jersey, and 45a47c for State and Western.

Provisions—The Pork market is a shade firmer, with sales of 550 bbls at $15,75a15,87½ for Mess, and $13a13,12½ for Prime. Beef quiet; sales of 300 bbls. Sales of 150 bbls Beef Hams at $14a14,50—Cut Meats steady; sales of 180 pkgs at 5a8¼c for Hams and 5¼a6¼c for Shoulders. Lard—Steady; sales of 200 bbls at 9¼a10½c.

Whiskey—Sales of 500 bbls at 23 for Ohio, and 23a23½c for Prison. Drudge is held at 22a22½c, time.

The Markets.

Selected Articles.

THE ARABIAN HORSE.

The beauty, intelligence and power of Arabian horses have flourished in Rome for many centuries. The breed is described as of great antiquity, and has probably been cultivated for a longer period than any other. It has been thought, and not without reason, that the writer of the sublime description of the war-horse, in the book of Job, must have had in his mind's eye the animal remarkable in character, in the highest degree. The Persians, who probably took described the horses of the Children as to perfect than the Israelites, and were fonder of them the evening voices." Some idea of the kind of horses then alluded to, may be obtained from the sculptured and other remains found among the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon, numerous copies of which have been given us by Mr. Layard and others engaged in the examination of those relics of antiquity; and the resemblance in the general outline of the forms figures of the ancient Assyrian and Children horses with the present Arabian, is striking. Although the qualities of the Arabian have been frequently spoken of, we find in the late work of Mr. Layard, many novel and interesting facts relative to this noble animal.

Mr. Layard, as well as other travellers, informs us that the Arabs divide their thoroughbred horses into five branches or families, which some declare are descended from the five favorite mares of Mahomet. The names of these families may, however, among different tribes. Those five families are termed *Kowet* and an intelligent Arab chief informed Mr. Layard that there was only one family of celebrated horses in the Desert, that could not be traced to this source. The prices demanded and paid for these horses are enormous.

Many excellent the challenge sent a few years since by the Viceroy of Egypt to the English sportsmen, to run a certain number of horses a long distance—twenty miles, if we rightly remember. Under considerable delay, the list has declined the offer. Mr. Layard states that the Pasha sent two agents in all parts of the Desert to purchase the best horses. As high as £1,000 each ($5,000) was paid for some mares; and in one case no less than £1,200 ($6,000) was offered and refused for a particular mare. During Mr. L.'s residence in the Desert, he saw several of those fine horses purchased for the Viceroy; and he says, "Had the Pasha's challenge been accepted, the best blood in Egypt would have been matched against the English roan."

It will be seen from the following extract that Mr. Layard doubts whether the Arab of the best blood has ever been taken to England, and if the English have not obtained such, there is less probability of their ever having been brought to America. He thinks that most of the horses which have been admired in the East, were crosses between the Arabian and the Turkish, or Persian races, which were originally of a very different character from the genuine Arabian. It will be noticed also, that the best Arab horses are those which some of our horse-breeders would call small—rarely reaching 15 hands in height. But it is well to note the fact, in this connection, that the Persian and Asmiyun horses most noted for their value in improving the race, as well as for their powers of endurance when tried at long distances, have seldom exceeded this height.

"The Arab horse is more remarkable for its exquisite symmetry and beautiful proportions, with wonderful powers of endurance, than for extraordinary speed. I doubt whether any Arab of the best blood has ever been brought to England. The difficulty of obtaining them is so great that they are scarcely ever seen beyond the limits of the Desert. Their color is generally white, light or dark gray, light chestnut and bay, with white or black feet. Black is exceedingly rare, and I never remember to have seen dun, mixed or dapple. I refer, of course, to the true-bred Arab; and not to the Turcoman or to Kurdish or Turkish races, which are between the Arab and Persian.

"Their average height is from 14 hands to 14½, rarely reaching 15; I have only seen one more than somewhat exceed. Notwithstanding the smallness of their stature, they often possess great strength and courage. I was credibly informed that a celebrated mare of the Mahanneh breed, now dead, carried two men in chair armor beyond the reach of their Assyria purpose. [Mr. L. states that the Assyrians and Shammar tribes have the best horses.] But their most remarkable and valuable quality is the power of performing long and arduous marches upon the smallest possible allowance of food and water. It is only the mares of the wealthy Bedouins that ever receive a grain, the food of almost twelve bushels of barley, or of corn in the husk, more in the early days of Islam. During the spring season, when the pastures are green, the horses of the Arabs are sleek and beautiful in appearance. At other times they are scarcely more than skeletons, and protrude their bones in a most unsightly manner. They are never placed under cover during the intense heat of an Arabian summer, nor protected from the bitter cold of the Desert winds in the winter. The saddle is rarely taken from their backs, nor are they ever cleansed or groomed. Thus oppressed, they are but skin and bone, and the horseman marvels at seeing an animal which he would scarcely take the trouble to ride home, valued almost literally at a price though double as a lamb, and requiring no other provender than the latter, when the Arab mare bears the war-cry of her tribe, and wore she quivering spear of her rider, her eyes glitter with fire, her blood—of neither a wild nor a tame breed is richly arched, and her head and tail are raised and carried to the wind. The Bedouin proverb says, that a high-bred mare when at full speed, should hide her rider between her neck and tail.

"The Arab horse has but two ordinary paces, a quick and easy walk, sometimes averaging between four and five miles an hour, and ballroaming canter. The Bedouin rarely puts his mare to full speed unless pressed or pursued. In racing, the Arabs, and indeed the Easterns in general, have no idea that the weight carried by the rider makes any difference.

Some of the customs observed by the Arab in regard to horses taken in war, are given as follows:

"Whenever a horse falls into the hands of an Arab, his first thought is how to ascertain its descent. If the owner be dismounted in battle, or if he has since shown his flanks much lower than the spear of his enemy, he will frequently exclaim, 'Fellas!' which is the name that fate has given to you, is of noble blood.'" He then describes her breed, and tells who reared and rode her. 'Nor will I lie,'" says Mr. Layard, "come from the mouth of a Bedouin as to the race of his mare. He is proud of her noble qualities, and will testify to them as he does. After a battle or foray, the tribes who have taken horses from the enemy will soon ascertain to say their breed, and a person unacquainted with the language will hear nothing from each man as he eats his bread, the descent and qualities of the animal he may have taken.

"The attachment of the Arab to his horse, is only equalled by his observance of the rules of hospitality. Strangers must be entertained in an appropriate manner: at almost every sacrifice, Mr. Layard refers to a story still current among the tribes of the Desert. A Shaikh was owner of a handsome mare, whose fame had reached the Greek Emperor. Ambassadors were sent from Constantinople to the tent of the chief, and to offer any amount of gold in return. When they announced after dining, the object of their embassy, it was hinted, that the tribe suffering from a grievous famine, and having nothing to offer their guests, the Greek Emperor had also his own priceless mare to entertain them.—*Boston Cultivator.*

FOOD AS DEARS THE ECONOMY OF STRENGTH.—The Eclectic Magazine translates from M. Ampere's "Promenade en Amerique," that savant's account of his visit to New York. We were much amused at this passage:

"Nothing shows better the difference between a Government where the people are everything and one where they are a mere cipher, than the earnestness of these fictions, and all other citizens, compared with the indifference shown by the modern Romans under similar circumstances of which M. Rossini rotted a cognizer instance when I was in Rome. One night, during the time that the Pope took place of interest to accuse him himself, he saw that a fire had taken place in a street full of barns, which for this reason is called Fienile.

M. Rossini called to a man sitting by his window, quietly smoking at the sun set. After some trouble he engaged the man to go and give the alarm; but he could not understand why M. Rossini should be so interested about it, and asked if he was a relative of widow whose property was on fire. While our Fienile philosopher was still on the alert, near the Capitol, for assistance at the fire, he met three countrymen walking by moonlight, and asked them if they had seen nothing? One of them stopped, and answered, very quietly, 'There—that's the fire we saw half an hour ago.' 'What?' said Mr. Rossini, 'you saw the fire, and there you are, cool?' 'Oh! no,' said the other, 'there's a Government affair.'"

There is matter for a variety of reflection in this anecdote.

Selected Poetry.

GALGANO.

A TALE OF GIOVANNI FIORENTINO.

1The is a fine poem, wherever is the author. It originates as of Italy. We find it in "Panizzi's" —*Bel. Ser. Rev. Port.*]

You will not see in many lands
A region that is so divine
As that which, from the Appenine,
Straddled with jasmin, lemon and vines,
Stretches to the Tuscan sea.
To the Maremma and the sea.
And in its midst Monte sentry;
With all its lowy knots and knolls,
The home of love and gallantry.

Within that city, rich and fair,
Once dwelt the lady of my story,
The wife of good Count Saltrazzo,
In their palace on the square
But he was older than heroine
The husband of so young a dame;
And she was known through all the land
For the rare beauty of her hand,
And here the name of Bella Mano.
This hand it was that stirred a record
A youth, whose all men loved and praised,
The noble, handsome Galgano.

They both were young, they both were fair,
And love, whose presence, like the air,
Unseen by all, is everywhere,
Was not by with the breath of May.
So mingled, it was hard to say
Which was the love and which was love,
And he inhaled it day by day!

At tourneys and at jousting gay,
Upon his lady he wore it,
He wore her colours, small given,
That filled his tents with odors dear,
And dyed him with the tint of June:
He rich a vest he wore upon
Her upon—and it on his vest.
It reminded of his love most were proved
Upon his palpitating breast.
And, sitting silent and apart,
He dreamed with eyes upon that heart!

They both were fair, they both were young,
And every song of love was sung
That from her lovely lips he heard,
Seemed to his ear less real than song
But she was distant, she was cold,
And he, not being proud,
Without comment or hesitation bowed,
And hardly dared to lift his eyes
To her, who thus his life controlled;
For she, Donna's pride and glory,
Never once met kept who had vowed
And, loyal to her wedded lord,
Smiled only at of virtue.

A league beyond the city's gate
Lay the fair lands of he estate.
Eastward in their sunny slope
Dark woods and pleasant Tuscan farms
And nearby to those green farms
Was a castle, old and low-browed down,
Leaning, with all the summer boast
Of leaning spears and stalled coverts,
Galgano in the empty town.

Once, when the day was nearly done,
And from the West the level sun
Struck the white towns of Tuscany,
And, slowly sinking down the sea,
Filled the whole atmosphere with gold—
It was the custom, year and old,
Once at this hour Count Saltrazzo
Stood on the lofty of his tower,
And gazed upon the golden glory
Of land below and sky above.

And by the window as they stood,
A youth came riding through the wood,
Bearing a falcon on his hand
That had beneath a crimson hood
Its eyes of sugar and command,
And as it perched with proud bill
In answer to its lord's caresses,
The Moor bells upon its jesses
Talked a moment, and were still.
The Count Saltrazzo, and the Count
Went forth and greeted him, and passed
Two from his sound to the world beyond,
And he that night, at least, their guest,
To this Galgano surrendered her.
He was to taste, he could not say
But Salvatore, with much grace,
Said upon, and it would not be denied;
And still, like one preoccupied,
Galgano sat at the table by the lady